THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE DRAMA.

By the attention of an obliging friend, we have been favoured with a sketch of the Fable together with the Prologue and a few of the most interesting scenes of the Fox-chase, a Comedy written by a young gentleman of this city. This play was represented last season by the Philadelphia company. It was not received (we are of opinion) with that candour which it merited and which a Philadelphia audience is in general so willing to display. Considered as a first offering to the muse by a juvenile votary of Thalia, we deem it honourable to the authour and creditable to the country. By the rigorous critick it should moreover be considered that it is the production of a studious youth more conversant with books than with the world, and who, a stranger to the vast expanse of European life, was in the involution of his scenes, the portraying of his character, and the construction of his fable restricted to the narrow range of American manners and society.

FABLE.

Mr. Lunewell, formerly in affluent circumstances but now reduced to poverty by the artifice of Bordwin, has privately retired into a secluded part of the country, and there disguised as a cottager, virtually given rise to a belief in his death, that he may avoid further prosecution from a man once his bosom friend. The spot chosen for his retreat is in the depth of a wood adjoining the fields of John Hartwell, an honest hearted, jovial farmer, to whose daughter Maria, William Lunewell is paying his addresses. Mr. Lunewell has two sons, but William alone is acquainted with his retreat and the circumstance that occasioned it: his other son Henry, supposed by them both after an absence of eight years still to be in Europe, is thought unworthy to share their confidence in a misfortune which the depravity of his heart (as lamentably described in letters from his tutor) would not allow him to compassionate. Henry's character, however, unjustly suffers: it is enriched with humanity and honour, his feelings are strong, and grief for the supposed death of his parent often interrupts the gayety of his disposition. He has too returned to America, but, in consequence of his tutor's misrepresentations under a fictitious name; here chance leads him to the cottage of his father, whom, without a recognition taking place on the part of either, he relieves from the power of a cruel landlord, devoting to that purpose all he has left in the world. This art of unaffected generosity engenders in the bosom of Mr. Lunewell a warm interest for the welfare of his young guest, but while he is anxiously cautioning him against the danger of immoderate dissipation the sound of a horn entices him away toward the house of farmer Heartwell, where a large party have assembled to engage in the pleasures of a foxchase.

Heartwell is in all the bustle of preparation for his favourite amusement, when a stranger whose coach is broken down at the gate is seen approaching—this stranger is Bordwin—he is accompanied by his wife and daughter, and no sooner enters, than startled at the name Lunewell, he scrutinizes the person to whom it is applied, and changes his own to *Burnwell;* he then insinuates himself into the confidence of William, discovers to a certainty who he is, and resolves on the ruin of both when he hears that the father still enjoys repose. His wife and daughter wonder at his change of name; a plea is feigned to satisfy the one, and the other finding that he has seen Lunewell's son, endeavours, but in vain, to divert him from his enmity.

Henry having introduced himself to the company, becomes enamoured with Julia Bordwin, but is unfortunately recognised by her father as the object of a cautionary advertisement subscribed by a number of creditors, and exaggerating his faults into the most criminal excesses. Agreeable to Bordwin's request he repairs to an adjacent grove, where the former wholly mistaking his character, tells him that if he would secure his patronage or avoid exposure, he must seduce into all the mazes of debauchery and gaming the young man addressing farmer Heartwell's daughter. Henry although just before harshly treated by this young man (whose name accident still withholds from him) indignantly rejects the proposal. Bordwin retires with all the menaces of disappointed vengeance; and Lunewell, who having walked beyond his usual limits, and thunderstruck again to behold his inveterate enemy, has overheard the conversation, comes forward from a recess, and implores Henry not to sacrifice at the shrine of Fashion the young man whom he has so generously saved from the snares of malevolence. Henry promises to forego a contemplated challenge, and returns to the farmer's where Bordwin has already denounced him, and William gives him to understand that his presence is an alarming and unwelcome intrusion. Irritated as he is at such unmerited rebuke, on leaving the house he collects sufficient patience to warn in general terms his unknown brother against the villain Burnwell.

Will Heartwell, John's brother and an indefatigable visionary, has in a fit of anger left the house, and about dusk is with his servant Abraham attacked by a robber, but almost immediately rescued by Henry.

On the return of the party from the chase William withdraws unperceived by all but Bordwin, who suspecting it is his intention to visit his father, cautiously follows him to the door of the cottage—here being observed he artfully pretends to have strayed from the company, and learning that Lunewell is not within, is impelled by a horrid curiosity to enter his abode. Not many moments elapse before one of his servants knocks, and asking for the cottager gives notice, that as it is a fine moonlight evening the ladies at Mr. Heartwell's have out of curiosity resolved to visit the cottage. Bordwin inquires what ladies? and the servant is inadvertently answering: "Your wife, sir, Mrs. Bordwin—Burnwell, I mean,"—when this unguarded mention of his real name, and B———'s consequent agitation betray him. Revenge takes place of courtesy in the behaviour of William, and he hastily retires into an inner apartment and returns with two swords, on whose precarious decision he chooses to rest the justice of his father's cause. Bordwin is disarmed, but saved by the sudden entrance and manly interference of Henry: so unexpected a return for wanton cruelty recalls him to himself, and he offers any retribution. Henry solicits as a gift his daughter, and he promising all his interest, hastens to meet her on her way to the cottage. John and Maria Heartwell presently enter, and the former, alarmed, at the sight of Mr. Lunewell seen passing on the outside of the window, ejaculates his name and calls him his old friend's apparition: Henry makes a few trembling inquiries, rushes out to realize his hopes, and soon discovers in the cottager a parent long be-

lieved dead, and *now* in raptures to receive him. Julia requires little persuasion to determine on an answer favourable to her lover's wishes, for the moment she first saw him she was willing to believe that in his pleasing person and open manners she perceived a heart worthy her affection. But he has a father and a brother, and Bordwin's friendship for them is yet to be solicited—it is cheerfully promised; for Bordwin little suspects who they are, and even makes Julia a witness of his solemn obligation. A reconcilement is the result: Lunewell is reinstated in his former fortunes, and Bordwin escapes not the punishment of remorse. The union of William and Maria, and of Henry and Julia, is sanctioned by their respective parents. John and Will Heartwell (Will having arrived at the cottage with the robber in his and his servant's custody) forget all their little differences in a brotherly embrace, and Will recognising Henry as his deliverer, presents him with a large part of his fortune; while the robber proves to be the old tutor, who acknowledges that after having endeavoured to corrupt, he, partly to avoid detection, reviled his pupil's character, and intercepted the letters committed to his care—that a prey at length, to his own wickedness, he sought to make America the scene of his crimes, and commenced the practice yet uncommon here; highway-robbery.

The three principal views in the moral are: to discourage treachery; to ridicule illusive, not rational inquiry; and to expose the misery of a malignantly vindictive temper.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE FOXCHASE.

ACT IV——SCENE 1.

A night scene—A wood, on one side of which John Heartwell's house is seen at some distance by the light of the moon.

Enter Will. Heartwell and Abraham, the latter bearing a lantern, tools, bundles of paper, &c.

Abraham. Rapid progress, rapid progress, sir——after three hours' journey about a quarter of a mile from the spot where we started—rapid progress, sir.

Will. Heart. (*aside*) Yes, there's John's house. (*sighing.*)

Abraham. I say, master, as we are only marching round and round your brother's house, suppose I leave this domb heavy bundle here while we are taking the next turn—that is, if you intend to march round once more before bedtime—Though, by the way, where do you design to lodge to-night?

W. Heart. Lodge to-night?

Abr. Ay, sir, and sup too; unless you can prove, that eating, drinking, and sleeping, are not necessaries of life.

W. Heart. Come hither, Abraham, give me my catalogue: I cannot close my eyes to-night; but some of my experiments ——

Abr. Will put me to sleep in a minute.

W. Heart. Silence, sirrah, and hold the lantern. (*reads*) "An operation to be performed on any man born blind, and intended to instil into his mind a true conception of colours. Secondly, an experiment I intend practising on John in order to show, there is no such thing as personal identity"——Fortunate occurrence! this memorandum was taken before our quarrel—now, now the truth can be rendered doubly clear. Yes, tomorrow morning I will prove from John's forgetfulness of the past, that he is not the same person, either in body or mind, that he has been today. I would go this instant; but, perhaps, 'twould be too soon; so tomorrow morning—What think you, Abraham?

Abr. 'Twill be the first reasonable experiment you ever made in your life.

W. Heart. (*not attending to his reply.*) In the meantime, Abraham, I propose making my grand trial for the introduction of wit into the brain. I have in my pocket the gallick acid reduced to a volatile state, and hermetically sealed up in a glass phial. Now, it will be easy to rip open the suture of the *os occipitis* and *os parietali*; or to trepan your *cranium*; or, in vulgar phraseology, to bore a hole through your skull with a gimlet.

Abr. No, sir, not through my skull.

W. Heart. Certainly through yours—where else can I find so great a vacancy?

Abr. I'll tell you, sir——in my stomach.

W. Heart. Pugh!

Abr. It is all true, sir; and, moreover, there is a passage to that already open (*opening his mouth.*)—but as to my skull, it may be too hard for a gimlet.

W. Heart. Silence. I will then peel away the *dura mater*, *tunia arachnoidea*, and *pia mater*; a spacious passage will thus be opened to the *cerebrum* and *cerebellum*; and wit can be infused in a vaporifick stream without the smallest difficulty.

Abr. But, sir, before you empty that bottle of wit into my *cranium*, as you call it, what will you do with the common sense that——

W. Heart. Common sense! What do you mean? I never heard of such a term.

Abr. Then, sir, do'nt you think, that while

you are driving the wit into my brain there may be some little danger of your driving the breath out of my body?

W. Heart. That's true, I never thought of that.

Abr. No wonder, your thoughts were corked up in that phial.

W. Heart. However, if you have any apprehensions on that score, I will try your spinal marrow—crack one of the *vertebræ* of your back ——

Abr. No, sir; I would sooner have a crooked understanding than a crooked back.

W. Heart. (*not attending to his reply.*) And suppose that death even should ensue—hav'n't I, in a voluminous treatise, demonstrated, that death is only a "long sleep"; and as you sometime ago complained of drowsiness, a sound repose would be a service to you.

Enter a robber unperceived.

Abr. I thank you, sir, one night's rest will be quite sufficient.

W. Heart. But if you have attached such dreadful notions to death, there is my resuscitator, 'twill — [*robber steals between them, &c.*

SCENE II.

A night scene—A cottage enclosed by a wood on all sides but one: this displays a mountainous country, over which the huntsmen are seen, by the light of the moon, returning from the chace. After some time they disappear; and the sound of the horn gradually dies away, when the trampling of a horse is heard approaching, and presently

Enters William Lunewell.

I left them, I believe, unnoticed; for they were in a fit of jollity which seemed to engage all their mental faculties. One only among them seemed incapable of joining in the general gayety: we from the beginning instinctively sought each other's company—and I, perhaps imprudently, mentioned my father and the villain Bordwin; but there was a promise of sympathy in this Mr. Burnwell's countenance, and I could not resist it——Now to relieve my father. [*enters the cottage.*

Enter Bordwin cautiously.

He entered this cottage——here then Lunewell lives—here in peace! ah (*revengefully*), I must ruffle that, or I shall envy him this wilderness!

Reenter William suddenly from the cottage.

William Lun. He is not there——Yet now I recollect, it is his hour for walking—(*perceiving Bordwin, who tries to avoid him*) Who's that?

Bordw. (*aside*) Discovered!

William. Who's that?

Bordw. It is I, your friend—Burnwell.

W. Lun. (*approaching and taking his hand.*) Mr. Burnwell, this is a favour I little expected—I will attribute to a genial sentiment, that you prefer my company to the vacant yet harmless gayety you have quitted.

Bordw. I strayed from the party, and observing this cottage ——

W. Lun. You were upon the point of entering—come, sir, it is a humble but an honest dwelling.

Bordw. Pardon me—here it is, I presume, your father lives, a stranger may disturb him.

W. Lun. No, he is on his evening walk.

Bordw. (*aside.*) A horrid irresistible curiosity impels me!——For a few moments I accept your offer. [*Enters the cottage.*

SCENE III.

A room in the cottage.

Enter W. Lunewell and Mr. Bordwin.

W. Lun. Here, sir, you may perceive there is nothing to greet the eye that lives on splendour—no care of greatness but ——

Bordw. (*in a distracted voice*) Here is peace!

W. Lun. You pronounced the word as if it passed for misery—Think you if Bordwin in all his gorgeous pomp—Bordwin, that self-tormenting monster!——

Bordw. (*with increased agitation*) Hush! hush!

W. Lun. Forgive me—your manner is mysterious! [*a knocking is heard.*

Bordw. Ha! is that your father!

W. Lun. I think not; he would enter without knocking. [*opens the door.*

Enter a servant of Mr. Bordwin's.

Servant. (*to William Lunewell*) Is the cottager within, sir?

W. Lun. No, what is your errand?

Servt. The ladies, sir, at Mr. Heartwell's have sent me to give notice of their approach: it being a moonlight evening; and they chancing to hear of this house buried in the wood, out of curiosity resolved to visit it—(*aside on seeing Bordwin*) My master here!

Bord. (*to the servant.*) What ladies? speak.

Servt. Your wife, sir, Mrs. Bordwin—— Burnwell, I mean.

Bordw. Fool, tatler, away! [*exit servt.*

W. Lun. (*at first confounded, then viewing Bordwin with horrour and indignation.*) And are *you* ——

Bordw. (*in an ireful and contemptuous manner*). The villian, wretch you mentioned! Pray, sir, whence mimicked you those titles? ——from your father?

W. Lun. No more! (*retires into an inner apartment of the cottage, and immediately returns with two swords, the one of which he hands Bordwin.*) Here, sir, your choice——and if you have the power save a villain?

Bordw. Again, young man? Then curse

your own temerity! [*they fight and Bordwin is disarmed.*

Enter Henry unperceived at the door which was left on a jar by the servant.

W. Lun. (*raising his sword.*) Let this dismiss thee to thy brother fiends! —— (*Henry suddenly arrests his arm.*) What ruffian holds my arm—and dares to bar the sword of justice?

Hen. A friend to the defenceless —— (*William, looking round, recognises the face of Henry, and struck with his greatness of soul, immediately drops the sword—for sometime viewing him with silent wonder.*) You view me with surprise.

W. Lun. With shame and admiration! Could I thus wreak my vengeance on this viper!

Hen. Make him your friend.

W. Lun. (*taking Henry's hand*) Oh, forget *my* insults—you now have your revenge! — [*goes into an inner apartment.*

Hen. (*aside.*) So the wolf is at length detected in his borrowed clothing. But, not to trample on a fallen foe, I will leave him to his meditations. [*is leaving the cottage.*

Bordw. Stay, sir, your injuries I now acknowledge—Passion hurried me on—I knew not what I did——ask any retribution.

Hen. Retribution?

Bordw. Yes, and Heaven will assist me to afford it!

Hen. Not as retribution; but as a favour, a gift, a treasure, I ask—your daughter.

Bordw. She shall be yours—I will urge your suit with all the interest a parent can take in his daughter's welfare. She who has won your heart needs ask no other blessing. [*Goes out of the cottage.*

Hen. I cannot speak—no—it is impossible! Julia mine! the barrier removed from between my love and me! Zounds, I shall go distracted! (*walks up and down the stage with all the wild gesticulation of excessive joy.*)—— Hark, I hear footsteps ——

Enter John and Maria Heartwell.

(*aside*) The farmer's family! this the cottage! It must be a dream—a dream! oh, no; for I cannot see my Julia.

J. Heart. Mercy on me, Mary, 'tis quite a dreary walk through this wood so late at night.

M. Heart. Oh, no, papa: the naked woods afford me a pleasing sight: I wonder at the general opinion that nature when lightly clothed loses all its charms.

J. Heart. It is by no means a general opinion, my dear: you wrong the ladies: they don't think so, I assure you—— (*seeing Henry*) but bless me, there's the gentleman I was persuaded to have turned out of doors this morning! He is master of this house, no doubt: I should'nt wonder if in return for our politeness he'd show us the outside of it in the twinkling of an eye—— I declare I am ashamed to look him in the face——&c.

J. Heart. (*starting and shrieking*) Avaunt

Hen. What's the matter?

J. Heart. Don't I tremble?

Hen. Tremble! Miss Heartwell, is your father subject to these attacks? He is going into convulsions, I fear.

M. Heart. Dear papa, what has alarmed you?

J. Heart. An, an inhabitant of the other world! an, an apparition! th' the ghost of my old friend Mr. Lunewell! [*Henry starts.*

M. Heart. (*aside*) This is unfortunate indeed! It must be William's father——I was in hopes he would retire at our approach.

Hen. (*in great agitation*) Lunewell, Lunewell did you call him! him who this moment passed the window?

J. Heart Ye, yes, I never saw two faces more alike——I, I saw Mr. Lunewell a few days before his death; and, and his apparition is the very image of him.

Hen. Speak, was he a friend of yours? had he a son?

J. Heart. Ye, yes, two sons—one is engaged to my daughter Mary.

Hen. Merciful spirits!

J. Heart. And the other broke his father's heart, I, I believe.

Hen. What, what became with him?

J. Heart. He was sent abroad for his education, under the care of one Dominique.

Hen. One word more—Oh, answer me! Why do you think your friend is dead?

J. Heart. Be, because every body else thinks so——But I could'nt swear to his death; for he died in retirement, and nobody could tell where it was.

Hen. (*aside, with solemn emotion*) Thank Heaven, I yet may have a father! [*exit.*

J. Heart. Wh, why, may, the ghost seem, &c. &c.

ACT V——SCENE I.

A poor apartment in one end of the cottage.

Mr. Lunewell solus.

Passing the window I heard an exclamation of surprise, I know not whom it came from; but now Bordwin is here I must be well on my guard———Ha! who's that?

Enter Henry in haste and agitation.

Hen. I beg your pardon, sir, for this intrusion, but ——

Lun. What is the matter? has any thing happened?

Hen. Oh yes, something that has filled my soul with hopes! —— (*in a trembling anxious manner*) May I inquire your name?

Lun. My name! you surprise me—yet I will not withhold it. You parted with your all for my sake, you have too saved my son from ruin, and displayed a heart expanded with humanity and honour; it would be un-

generous in me to refuse my confidence—— My real name is Lunewell.

Hen. (*still more affected.*) Your son too—he who has so completely won your curses!—his name?

Lun. (*with emotion.*) Henry.

Hen. And *does* he merit them?

Lun. (*much affected.*) He does, indeed!

Hen. Believe me, sir, he never, never did!

Lun. How! do you know him?

Hen. As well as I know myself—I am well acquainted with his soul—am sure he loves his father to distraction!

Lun. Mark me, he has taken advantage of your open, unsuspecting temper. No virtue can find shelter in his bosom! Take from the warmest regions of the tropicks one of its most precarious, tender plants, transfer it to the snows of Lapland: it will not sooner fall a sacrifice to the rigours of its new unfriendly soil, than any virtue implanted in his breast must waste away and perish!—Yet—can you believe it?—he once possessed a soul as warm as yours; and I loved him! I adored him!

Hen. But now ———

Lun. He has lost all claim to my affection; and I can only ———

Hen. Hold, in mercy hold! he is not the wretch you think him!

Lun. Why, my young friend, you are strangely interested for him! What led to your acquaintance? Where is he now?

Hen. In his native country.

Lun. What do you say? Henry in this country!

Hen. He is—and will you, after a separation of eight long years, refuse him the welcome of a parent's benediction?

Lun. (*after a painful hesitation.*) You have heard my opinion———Oh, mention him no more. As to you, you have gained a power over my heart that never can be effaced.

Hen. (*grasping Mr. Lunewell's hand.*) Indeed?

Lun. But what's the matter? what agitates you so?

Hen. Can you, sir, can you recall his features?

Lun. I remember what they once were.

Hen. Look at *me* then, (*Mr. Lunewell starts.*)———(*with a deep sigh.*) could eight years' absence cause so great a change?

Lun. Merciful Heavens!

Hen. Is there no trace left to tell you ——

Lun. What? speak!

Hen. That I was once you son. [*falling at his feet.*

Lun. My Henry! [*rushing into his arms.*

Hen. My father!

Lun. My injured, long lost child! This mystery ——

Hen. I would explain, sir, but I am too bewildered; joy and surprise wont let me! To find you alive and reconciled—But why, sir, why have you thus hidden yourself from the world?—Alas, you are impoverished!

Lun. Rich in every blessing! Henry is still my son!—Your tutor has deceived me!

Hen. You are right, sir,—But my brother, where is he?

Lun. In this very cottage—his wonder will equal mine.

Hen. Will you, sir, lead me to him? I long for an embrace: it is eight years since I received the last; and they have been so long that I almost forget the sensation.

[*Exeunt.*

PROLOGUE TO THE FOXCHASE,

Written by the Authour,

AND SPOKEN BY MR. M'KENZIE.

The wish inspires me, and the hope beguiles,
For native efforts to engage your smiles,
For them to wake your patriotick zeal,
And, thus emboldened, to your taste appeal;
If not for praise, at least for mercy, sue,
A tribute surely to the motive due.
Will you refuse—'tis heavenly to dispense—
The fostering aspects of benevolence;
Which can, like solar rays, lend vital force,
Shine forth forever and not waste their source.
He means no harm, who warns you to beware
'Gainst men rever'd but for the names they bear,
Men blind to truth and for no end design'd,
But to throw cobwebs round the insect mind,
Nor he, who'd sketch untutor'd Virtue's face,
And give to rustick life an honest grace;
Nor, who'd prove what those mildest glances plead,
That Fashion oft but tampers with the head,
And spite on all her fraud and all her art
From Nature cannot always steal the heart.
Do not against your noble natures sin;
All we ask is—be what you e'er have been:
Let not the sun that greets exotick worth,
Be overcast when native shoots put forth;
And ah, expect not in the germe the power
To shed a fragrance only in the flower:
Indulgence sure the tender state demands;
To be repaid whene'er the bud expands.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page* 9.)

Reason is extremely apt to be warped by habit. KAIMS'S SKETCHES.

Reason is said to be the glory of human nature: a reasonable man is, therefore, the most excellent of all human beings; and the nearer any

man approaches to that character, the nearer he approximates happiness. It is by our false judgments and misconceptions of the true value of things, that we are deceived, and allured into errour and vice.

A truly reasonable man resembles, in his steady way through life, one of the planets in the grand system of the universe, revolving in its orbit. As to a centre of gravity, he is every where attracted by Truth, through the space in which he moves; from which noble order of self-regulated harmony, no accident or example, power or temptation, can cause him to recede.

Envy may view his fine and admirable course through her treble-reflecting telescope, and scarcely detect the smallest aberration. How grand! how beautiful! how sublime is such a character! the acknowledged resemblance of the Creator.

It is much to be lamented, that men do not set a higher value upon this best gift of God to man; by which they might attain pleasure and peace, and know how to preserve themselves from evil and mischief; by which they might acquire a proper knowledge of the duties of social life, and practise them reciprocally for their true interests and happiness.

The fact is, that we usually set out in life without even a common share of that kind of knowledge, by which we are enabled to distinguish good from evil, and right from wrong.

The art of using reason constitutes no part of publick education; a youth is generally launched into the world without any fixed principles or rule of conduct; thence he adopts any example of novelty or folly that makes an impression on him, and takes a bias whichever way he is strongest bent: and thence trifling declinations from truth grow up at last into the strong and crooked shoots of prejudice, which can scarcely ever after be straightened. Happy is it, where they do not arrive at that enormous growth which destroys the fair tree of virtue itself, or encumbers it with a weight of hardened and inflexible habits of vice.

But, as the latter investigation would only lead us into a melancholy research, not exactly suited to the nature of these Essays, let us content ourselves with some observations on the many absurdities and inconsistencies daily run into and entertained by men, from want of knowing how to think aright.

Innumerable are the prejudices of men, particularly of those who mix in the world; a few wholesome rules direct the humble cottager, while a thousand ill-judged opinions and maxims mislead and distract the man of business and of pleasure.

The chief prejudice incident to our situation in the busy world springs from the false appearance of things, from which we draw hasty and rash conclusions, without waiting to estimate their true character and worth: thence we connect ideas that have no real resemblance to each other; as poverty and ignorance, wealth and happiness.

Another very strong prejudice of the mind is derived from what is called a first impression, which carries us away, as it were by force, out of the reach of judgment: hence we frequently give to a knave of winning address, what we would deny to an honest man of coarser manners; hence too, because we admire the works of an eminent painter, we are not willing to allow that he has any defects: thus we judge, not from the things themselves, but by reference to the impression that we have entertained of the character, manners or talents of the authour. This species of prejudice is the most unfair of any, as it never permits us to distinguish, or to appreciate properly, the virtues, vices, merits or imperfections of our neighbours; but either gives too little or too much.

An equally strong prejudice, and of a kin with the two former, is that which proceeds from a casual association of ideas, connected so strongly by the imagination, that reason has frequently no power to separate them: hence young people, who have been terrified by the idea of apparitions at

night, are never left in a dark room without thinking of apparitions; thence also proceeds the vulgar prejudice of avoiding a particular name in christening an infant, because some so called had been particularly unfortunate. These ideas, which accident only joins together, are mere follies of the imagination which our judgment should correct.

A fourth source of prejudice is, the different lights in which things may be placed, and the different views in which they appear to us; and, as it sometimes, and under some circumstances, requires much penetration and judgment to discover the real form and complexion of things, by viewing them on all sides, this species of prejudice is certainly most excusable.

Among the most extraordinary sophists of the former classes, was my friend Peter Bias. Mr. Bias had received the advantages of a tolerably good education; had served an apprenticeship to trade, and was become a master silverplate engraver, and a livery man of the Goldsmiths' company; he smoaked his pipe constantly in the evening at the Horse and Dolphin, and was reckoned a very sensible man in the club-room. It was, however, remarked in the character of my friend Bias, that whenever he took an impression, it was as much engraven on his mind as an armorial bearing on the side of a caudle-cup, executed by his own graver. To the impression which my friend received from a flogging at school for stealing codlins, was attributed his lasting antipathy to apple-pie; and to a long fit of illness at eighteen, was ascribed his inflexible distaste to water-gruel. Having once been cheated by a Jew, he denounced vengeance against the twelve tribes, and would, like Herod, have exterminated the whole race of Israelitish babes; nor could any thing persuade him to ride again in Thomas's Kentish-town stage, because he had once been overturned in it. Yet Peter Bias was a benevolent man; that is when Prejudice set him at work; and, when once established in his favour, it was no easy matter for one to be turned out. My friend Peter had a little dirty boy, an apprentice whom he called Bobby, and of whose talents and honesty he had formed his own opinion. Certain it is that Bobby was very clever at shining shoes; and as certain that he once brought a crown piece to his master, which he had found carelessly left by him on the shop-board. These circumstances established Bobby's reputation

For a great many years my poor friend Peter was harrassed and tormented by the tricks that Bobby played him: his shoes were neglected, his clothes worn out before they were left off, and his loose cash pilfered: yet none of this could be done by Bobby; Bobby was still a good lad; a clean pair of shoes, and a recollection of the crown piece, set every thing to rights. It was in vain that many ventured to pronounce Bobby a rogue; he still kept his place; till one fatal day, that my friend Peter, being in his sound morning's nap, dreamt that he felt some person withdrawing certain articles of dress, in which it is usual to keep loose cash, from under his pillow, when, being awakened by the reality of the vision, he turned round, and to his utter astonishment, grasped the rough black head of hair of his favourite Bobby, who was immediately dismissed; and my friend Peter, to preserve his character for consistency, would never afterwards do a service to any one who was unlucky enough to be named Robert.

Numerous are the little anecdotes that I could relate of my friend; among the rest, how that nothing could persuade him to seek a legal remedy, because his cousin the Counseller had told him never to go to law; under the operation of which resolution he permitted himself to be ousted of a very handsome estate:—how that one day, being introduced to a very wealthy man, who had many years before (in his recollection) been a bankrupt, and paid twenty shillings in the pound, he asked him very earnestly, *Whether he had got his certificate?*—and how, another day, happen-

ing to be in company with a gentleman whom he had once remembered ill of a cold, and his hearing a little affected, nothing could restrain him from bawling out every now and then, *what a pity it is he's so deaf!* In short, my friend Peter's prejudices remained with him to the last moment of his life; for, though Bobby was reformed, and become a remarkably sober industrious young man, nothing could persuade him to leave him a sixpence; and he gave positive directions, that no person of the name of Robert should assist at his burial.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

American Version of certain of the Odes of ANACREON.

In the infancy, and, perhaps, during the youth of almost every nation, the efforts of the tender and struggling Muses are generally weak and abortive. Genius is feebly or wildly exercised, where Taste is scarcely formed. Judicious as well as inquisitive readers must abound, before there can arise a multitude of good writers. To this rule curious exceptions sometimes occur. In America, in the spring of 1776, at a period when noisy politicks, it might seem, had totally deafened the general ear for the melodious notes of Poesy, we are surprised to find, in an ephemeral work, occasional versions from the Greek of Anacreon; versions composed in a taste of so much simplicity, sweetness and elegance, as to rival the airy sprightliness of COWLEY, or the fascinating manner of MOORE. The name of the authour of the subsequent translations we have asked in vain. He would have probably filled up his outline, and perhaps have successfully wooed other Muses than the Grecian, if the violent tempest of a Revolution had not overthrown his writing desk, and driven him for shelter to solitude and obscurity. The authour's introduction to his design and a specimen of his work, as far as he pursued it, we are anxious to preserve in this miscellany.

To the Publisher of the Pennsylvania Magazine.

SIR,

As the *flowery season* is approaching, I have an inclination to present you with an early nosegay for your entertaining Magazine; and as my own garden is but indifferently stocked, I will take the liberty of transplanting from that elegant cultivator of blooming beauties, old Anacreon; happy if I could but teach his exoticks to flourish in our less kindly climate; or, in other words, if I could but make the *old Grecian* speak in English with the same expressive elegance and simplicity for which his odes have been, during so many ages, the delight and admiration of every country, where polite learning has been cherished.

To confess the truth, I have so often amused myself in this way, that I have already translated most of his odes, or rather given them such a *paraphrase* as I thought would preserve his principal *beauties*, without retaining his *blamable* levities; for it must be owned that he *sometimes* indulges his playful fancy on such extravagances as would be inexcusable *now*, however they may have been tolerated by the morality of his age and country. This observation, however, is but seldom applicable as a charge against the odes of Anacreon. *Bacchus* and *Venus*, the *Loves* and the *Graces*, are, indeed, his deities; but, in general, he celebrates them more *chastely* and *soberly* than many of the *modern poets:* and if, at any time, I find him exhibiting those *deities* in an unexceptionable dress, I take the liberty to strip them of their *shoulder knots* and other forbidden ornaments.

It has been often remarked, that a translation ought to have the air of an original; in order to which, it is necessary that an authour, who has written in Greek, for instance, when he is to be clad in an English dress, should be made to express his sentiments not by an exact version of words and phrases, which would be often impossible, and always awkward and inelegant, but in such language as we may suppose he would have used had he written in English instead of Greek. This, you may, therefore, suppose, has been my aim, and I flatter myself that I have sometimes hit the mark. I have also made the measure of my verse as nearly the same with that of the original as our English versification would admit, which,

I think, has not been done before, by any translator of Anacreon.

But I am unawares writing a preface, as if I were going to send you the whole book ready furnished, with *critical remarks*, and *learned annotations*; while I only intended a few lines by way of introducing a specimen or two of what such a book may be expected to contain. But since I have gone so far, I will further confess to you, as a bookseller, and to the publick, that if my samples (for I propose hereafter to send you some others) should meet with a favourable reception, I may, perhaps, be tempted to prepare an English edition of Anacreon for the press. But, at the same time, the gentlemen booksellers will please to observe, that, if I should thus venture abroad in the open field, I shall expect to reap something *substantial* by my labour in cultivating this beautiful spot of antiquity. For, if mere *empty fame* were to be the only *price at market*, vain as I am, my little stock of produce should continue hid in my own granary. What an unworthy sentiment! how unpoetical! how unfit for an admirer of Anacreon above all others! Why, as to that, may it please your generosity, most worthy and sentimental reader, I am not so sanguine as to imagine, that, if I had succeeded to *absolute perfection* in my translation, I should therefore be advanced to a seat upon Parnassus much higher than those which are possessed by Milton, Pope, Addison, or the Dean of St. Patrick's. These poets were indeed great imitators, and, sometimes, translators of the ancients; but, in general, they were chiefly and more immediately indebted to Nature herself for the sublime and elegant entertainment which they have furnished for their guests. But my little work is only a second-hand piece, which I have imported from a distant country; and therefore, as my expectations of *praise* can at most be but very moderate, I choose to make some *profit* by my voyage. You will say that the title of a writer to profit should be proportionable to his merit, and, therefore, the more praise he earns, the more he is entitled to expect as the *fruits* of his labour. How comes it, then, that to this day, no one can tell where Homer himself was born? Here again, you will answer, because his exalted reputation made different countries ambitious of the honour of having given him birth. But I fancy that if he had been possessed of an estate in *Terra Firma* in any country, we should have found it easy enough to ascertain the place of his origin. The rich are not so obscure. And, after all, as I have no more *terra firma* than Homer had, even all his reputation would be of little or no service to me; for, though I have no estate, I have a wife and children, and, unless I can get something for *them* by Anacreon, I shall be apt to think I have been robbing them of what they had a right to, whenever I devote my time to this *fruitless* amusement.

One of the odes, which I now send you, has, I confess, been already published in a newspaper, by a friend of mine, some years ago; but it has been lately revised, and considerably altered, and is now, in my own opinion at least, a more faithful translation than it was at first, and in other respects, less unworthy of the original.

Besides, though some of your readers may, perhaps, remember to have seen it before, yet to most of them, I suppose, it will be new.

One use of a periodical publication is to give literary adventurers an opportunity of trying their strength, before they venture abroad by themselves; and I have taken the liberty, as you see, to make this use of your Magazine; though I must acknowledge that I am in some doubt whether I have not shamefully trespassed upon your patience, and that of your readers, by taking up so much of your room on so trifling a subject. I therefore leave it with yourself, either to publish or suppress what I have written, as you may think proper. If you conclude it worth while to insert my advertisement, I shall consider it as an invitation to send you some other samples of these odes in an English paraphrase. In the meantime, I wish

your Magazine may continue to meet with success, and that you may never be in want of better materials than what you now receive from your humble servant

HERMES.

April 6, 1776.

37th Ode of Anacreon.

Lo, Spring returns! the Graces
*Expand the rose again!
And not a wave defaces
The bosom of the main!

See how the ducks are swimming,
The cranes in troops convene;
The sun is brightly beaming,
And all the sky serene!

The labourer quits his dwelling,
To till the smiling soil,
The olive buds are swelling,
To pay his cheerful toil.

The vine her leaf produces,
And, through each tender shoot,
The richly flowing juices,
Are blooming into fruit.

The ensuing passage must not pass without a note from the Editor; when but a boy it was read to him by a venerable lady of exquisite taste, who had it by heart. It was promptly preserved in the memory of no indocile pupil. At a maturer age, and after a careful comparison with the luckiest versions that French and British ingenuity have made, we have no hesitation in assigning this *American* translation a front place in poetry. We enjoin it upon Mr. Moore, when he does us the honour to peruse the present number of The Port Folio, to preserve *this* ode in a note to his *next* edition of Anacreon; and we have not a doubt that the dictates of his Taste, as well as the impulse of his Friendship, will persuade him to peruse, in particular, the seventh and eighth stanzas with an enthusiasm not colder than our own.

The 3d Ode.

When midnight, black and dreary,
Was brooding o'er the deep,
And, all supine and weary,
Mankind lay stretch'd asleep.

When *Love* alone was waking,
The knocker shook my gate;
I, starting, cry'd, What raking
Mad fellow, calls so late?

"Pray tarry not an instant,
Nor fear to let me in;
I am a hapless infant,
Wet dripping to the skin!

The night so dark and chilly!
It never will be day!
And I, so young and silly,
Alas! have lost my way!"

In haste, to light a candle,
And let him in, I rose,
With pity prompt to dandle,
And lull him to repose.

I open'd, and admitted
A boy, indeed, but lo!
I found the urchin fitted,
With quiver, wings, and bow!

But what alarm of danger,
Could such an elf inspire?
I plac'd the little stranger
Before a blazing fire;

And, near the fairy seated,
With fond and tender care
His hands in mine I heated,
And wrung his dripping hair.

But soon as I had brought him
To genial warmth again,
His *armour*, he bethought him,
Had been bedew'd with rain.

And mincing like a baby,
"Let's try 'em, for you know,
The dismal weather, may-be,
Has hurt my little bow!"

*Anacreon lived in a country where the rose appeared much earlier than it does among us. In this respect, and in the particulars of olive buds and blooming vines, his ode is a description of such a Spring as we can never expect to see in our climate. But let imagination transport us to the region which the poet inhabited, and we shall admire the beautiful simplicity and truth of his description, which takes in only those circumstances that were peculiar to the season which he celebrates: the early rose; ocean newly settled into a placid calm; the ducks beginning to sport upon the water; the cranes, those birds of passage, returning with the season; the bright serenity of the sky; the ploughman beginning the labours of the year; the olive buds beginning to swell, and the vine putting forth her tender leaf.

Note by the Translator.

He said, and from his quiver,
A flaming arrow drew,
Which through my burning liver,
Like darted lightning flew!

And, like a wounded sparrow,
I hung my drooping head;
For through my very marrow
The venom quickly spread!

The *traitor*, who had acted
So well the *harmless boy*,
Now laugh'd like one distracted,
And cried, "O give me joy!

My bow retains a fitness,
An arrow still to dart;
You'll find the wound a witness,
That rankles at your heart."*

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

POLITICKS.

The period has at length arrived when it must be decided, whether the American government is worthy of the support of the people, and whether the American people deserve the name of an independent nation. If the lives of our citizens may be assailed and destroyed in sight of our harbours, if the protection of Government cannot reach and cover them within ten miles of our shore, it is time for us to give up the farce of empire, and implore the protection of some power, able to afford us security against murderous outrage. Was a case like this ever before heard of? The foe slaughters our citizens, and then, in cool contempt, returns to his anchorage in our harbour.

But this event, degrading and painful as it is, may be the forerunner of the most splendid and useful consequences. It is an event which, sinking all party feuds and local divisions, will blend us together as one people and unite us in one exertion. While we deplore the loss of those citizens who have been sacrificed by this unparalleled violence, and lament with those who suffer, we should not look on the occurrence as a calamity—In a national view there is nothing to regret in it. For fourteen years we have been the football of European arrogance and injustice—Plundered, beaten, and murdered in every sea, by every power, we were rapidly plunging so deep in contempt that, in a little while, it would have been impossible to insult us. Eagerly pursuing the acquisition of wealth, enveloped in commercial enterprises and stock-jobbing speculation, money has become the god of our idolatry, and every noble passion of the soul is lost in it. That high-minded patriotism, which gives dignity to our nature, and character to our country; that lofty honour and just jealousy of our rights, which make a people respected and admired, are almost smothered and extinguished under heaps of ill-gotten gold, and reams of fraudulent paper—Something was necessary to rouse us from this supine state of dishonour, and that something has occurred—the latent spark is awakened—the flame spreads from heart to heart, and the American people, shaking off the le-

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* *Note.* In a recent collection of opera airs, published in England, we find the following, which, in the measure, resembles the text. Although the thought is ingenious and the expression sufficiently easy, yet it may not be compared with this *morceau* of our American translator.

His wings in terrour clapping,
A little bird, last May,
Against my window flapping,
For shelter seemed to pray.
With pity touch'd, I granted
The little bird's request;
It trembled, fluttered, panted;
I sooth'd it on my breast.

Well pleas'd it seemed to eye me;
I lov'd the pretty thing:
To keep it ever nigh me,
I clipp'd each little wing.
But yet I thought sincerely,
To go it would be griev'd:
It seem'd to love me dearly,
And, oh! too well deceiv'd.

Its wings by me neglected,
Again their feathers grew,
And, ere I aught suspected,
One morn away it flew,
Crying "That yours the blame is;
Poor youth, too late you learn,
So sure as LOVE my name is,
I never will return!"

thargy of twenty years, are rising to their just station in the world, with an immovable determination to maintain it at all hazards. Tell us not of the dangers and privations of war; of the millions afloat, which will be lost, of a crippled commerce and embarrassed revenue. These are *temporary* evils, NATIONAL DISGRACE IS AN ETERNAL ONE—the vigour of our youth will soon repair the one, but the other will grow and strengthen with our age. This is no time for calculations, for stating an account of profit and loss. There are periods in the existence of nations, as well as of men, when every thing must be hazarded, and every thing endured—this hour is come upon us, and we have no choice; unless we are degraded enough to hesitate between base submission and honourable resistance, even if it were ten times more perilous than it is. The eventful blow is struck—The nation's honour is stained, most fouly stained—The blood of the innocent, which we had sworn to protect, has been shed, basely shed, and cries to Heaven for vengeance; and if it be not avenged may that Heaven strike us from the list of nations, and the name of an American be forever linked with infamy.

This is not a time for self-reproach: but the reflection cannot be suppressed, that if the naval establishment received by the present administration from their predecessors, with the means of extending it, had been preserved and improved, such an insult, such an injury, could not have been inflicted upon us with impunity. We have long had indications enough from the belligerent powers of the contempt, in which they hold us; and it is astonishing we have not expected and prepared for this last extremity. We must not imagine we can avoid war, by a desire, however sincere, of maintaining peace. We ought not indeed to be disturbed, while we injure none; but all theory is idle and absurd, when opposed by the experience of ages, and that experience has shown that there is no possible mode of preserving peace, but by having it known we are able and willing to defend our rights from every invasion.

While wealth is dearer than honour or safety; while the people are taught to believe there is nothing valuable but money, and every thing must yield to maxims of economy and avarice, the national spirit must sink into meanness, and the national ambition be directed to the single endeavour to become rich. The principles of a government act upon the manners of a people, and the love of money is but too easily taught. That high individual spirit of honour, which animated the bosom of every citizen of the ancient Republicks; that ardent love of country, which was the ruling passion of every heart, and produced such prodigious efforts of courage and patriotism, cannot exist in a country, where traffick is the only employment, that commands attention, and gold the only attribute that gives rank and consequence. The man, who would expend ten thousands to embellish a country seat, which he seldom sees, but which gives him the reputation of enormous wealth; who would purchase a rare plant at a monstrous price, and ornament his table with the splendour of a prince, that his extravagance might be boasted of, would refuse, meanly refuse, a paltry sum to any publick purpose. Love of country is lost, absorbed, sunk in the love of self, and no gratification is sought or acknowledged that does not feed ostentation and pamper pride.

But the genius of our citizens has taken an unworthy course, because the tranquil state of the country required no patriotick exertion, and offered no necessity or opportunity for more noble enterprise. The spirit of honour "is not dead, but sleepeth." A rude shock has broken the slumber. Inferiour things vanish from consideration. Every danger will be manfully braved; every sacrifice cheerfully endured. The course is plain. We must have RETRIBUTION—ample, honourable retribution; such as will appease our angered spirit; restore us to our honour; wipe away the stain; or we must have WAR. It will be a

holy and a just war, and we may trust to God and our exertions for its issue. What that retribution ought to be, is the only real difficulty of the case. May our government solve this difficulty with wisdom, and meet it with firmness. The ground once taken, not a step must be receded.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will, in another number, add some observations on our practicable means of annoying the enemy, in case of war.

FOURTH OF JULY.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Lady Montague, in her best and gayest manner, describes an extraordinary medical character whom she met somewhere on the continent. In the annals of English eccentricity, we think we have found, assisted by the brilliant torch of Edmund Burke, illuminating Dodsley's Register, many examples of a similar nature. Nay, it is but just to add, that many of the American physicians are as distinguished for benevolence as the character recorded below.

Both his character and practice are so singular I cannot forbear giving some account of them. He will not permit his patients to have either surgeon or apothecary: he performs all the operations of the first with great dexterity, and whatever compounds he gives he makes in his own house; those are very few: the juice of herbs and mineral water being commonly his sole prescriptions. He has very little learning, and professes drawing all his knowledge from experience, which he possesses perhaps in a greater degree than any other mortal, being the seventh doctor of his family in a direct line. His forefathers have all of them left journals and registers solely for the eye of their posterity, none of them having published any thing, and he has recourse to these manuscripts on every difficult case, the veracity of which, at least, is unquestionable. His vivacity is prodigious, and he is indefatigable in his industry; but what most distinguishes him is a disinterestedness I never saw in any other: he is as regular in his attendance on the poorest peasant from whom he never can receive one farthing, as on the richest of all the nobility; and whenever he is wanted, will climb three or four miles on the mountains in the hottest sun, or heaviest rain, where a horse cannot go, to arrive at a cottage, where, if their condition requires it, he does not only give them advice and medicine *gratis*, but bread, wine, and whatever is needful. There never passes a week without one or more of these expeditions. His last visit is generally to me. I often see him as dirty and tired as a footpost, having eat nothing all day but a roll or two that he carries in his pocket, yet blest with such a perpetual flow of spirits, he is always gay to a degree above cheerfulness. There is a peculiarity in this character that, I hope, will incline you to forgive my drawing it.

A *modern* philosopher, famous for the heat of his head and the coldness of his heart, is thus energetically attacked by Sydney Smith, the sermonizer.

Godwin, whose *humble* object seems to be to remodel the decalogue, by erasing the negative from each of its prohibitory laws, has thought fit to contend that individual friendship is criminal. To state this is enough to make it ridiculous; and, in general, any other attack upon this authour, than a clear explanation of what he means, is superfluous; to repeat his propositions answers the double purpose of revenge and refutation.

He, who has observed the manners and habits of the humble bee of our pastures, will be pleased with the following description of that insect by Charlotte Smith, who always looks at nature with a painter's eye, and then

describes her emotions with a poet's pen.

Good morrow, gentle humble bee,
You are abroad betimes I see,
And sportive fly from tree to tree,
To take the air;
And visit each gay flower that blows,
While every bell and bud that glows,
Quite from the daisy to the rose,
Your visits share.
Saluting now the pied carnation,
Now on the aster taking station,
Murmuring your ardent admiration,
Then off you frisk
Where poppies hang their heavy heads,
Or where the gorgeous sunflower spreads
For you her luscious golden beds,
On her broad disk.
To live on Pleasure's painted wing,
To feed on all the sweets of spring,
Must be a mighty pleasant thing
If it would last.
But you, no doubt, have wisely thought
That joys may be too dearly bought,
And will not unprepar'd be caught
When summer's past.
For soon will fly the laughing hours,
And this delightful waste of flowers
Will shrink before the wintry showers
And winds so keen.
Alas! who then will lend you aid,
If your dry cell be yet unmade,
Nor store of wax and honey laid
In magazine?
Then, Lady Buzz, you will repent
That hours for useful labour meant
Were so unprofitably spent
And idly lost.
By cold and hunger keen oppress'd,
Say, will your yellow velvet vest,
Or the fur tippet on your breast,
Shield you from frost?
Ah! haste your winter stock to save,
That, snug within your Christmas cave,
When snows fall fast and tempests rave,
You may remain.
And the hard season braving there,
On spring's warm gales you will repair,
Elate through chrystal fields of air
To bliss again.

—

THE ANNIVERSARY.

Tho' the verdure of Spring is no more,
Tho' the zephyr has long ceased to sigh;
Tho' the sunshine of Summer is o'er;
Nor Autumn's gay tints glad the eye;
Tho' Winter o'er hill and o'er plain
His frost-spangled mantle has spread;
Tho' I feel him in every vein,
While his winds loudly howl round my head:—
Yet I hail his return with delight,
My bosom with fresh passion glows:—
A passion, whose flame burns more bright
And steals lustre and warmth from his snows:—
For neither the zephyr of Spring,
Nor Summer's warm breath fann'd the fire,
And the Robin that long ceased to sing
Ere I felt the soft thrill of desire.
But 'twas when the bright icicle hung,
Where erst droop'd the heath's purple bell,
To the oak the last leaf faintly clung,
As e'en yet loth to take its farewell;—
Yes 'twas then first my Sarah I saw,
Then first felt the beam of her eye,
Whose brightness a hermit would thaw,
And teach him with passion to sigh.
'Tis said that variety charms;
That one object can never long please;
But variety dwells in her arms,
But with life her attractions can cease:
Still, as oft as this time shall return,
Will she round my neck fondly twine?
Ah yes! that dear bosom will burn
With a passion as deathless as mine.

—

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

On the highly interesting topick of THE PRESENT STATE OF WARFARE, between the United States and Great Britian, we invite men of political wisdom to express their sentiments in the most distinct, frank, liberal, and SPIRITED manner.

The insult and injury we have recently experienced from a power, whose best interest is assuredly to live on the most friendly terms with us, have not escaped the attention, or failed to rouse the spirit of the Editor. But he deems it his duty to collect all the facts, before the publication of his opinion, and the narrative of the event itself. He must see distinctly the whole length of the visto. When his political sight is thus enlarged, his readers may be assured that he will not shrink from the boldest discussion.

A very fervid and animated writer has, today, furnished us with a most spirited article on topicks, which, we are confident, will meet the approbation of every genuine American.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Lines written at Niagara.

Whate'er I've been told of thy wonders is true!
All nature at once seems to rush on my view,
And, lost in the trance you occasion, I cry,
How stupendous the scene! what an atom am I!

How thy waves, wildly foaming, and hurled around,
Rise in volumes of mist from thy cauldron profound,
And in tears, which thy fury has caused, brightly plays,
The rainbow that dazzles my sight with its blaze!

Like the tyrant of Europe, whose merciless force
Bears down ev'ry mound which opposes his course;
While the halo, whose glory encircles his head,
Is formed by the tears which the wretched have shed.

O who should not rather all glory forego,
Than gain it by battle, and bloodshed and wo!
O who would not rather inhabit the vale,
Than dwell on the Andes, the sport of each gale!

Near Etna I've stray'd with impressions most sweet,
Through vineyards that circle with verdure its feet;
But felt not the least inclination to tread
On the ashes which cover its cloud-piercing head.

And though with sensations I ne'er knew before,
I bend me enraptur'd to list to thy roar,
And, as thy blue streams irresistibly roll,
Feel the awe most sublime which possesses my soul;

Yet I would not for worlds that my life were like thee!
O far be each thought of such tumult from me!
Far, far be each wish that ambition might form
To delight in the horrour and roar of the storm.

Let me, cool and clear, glide on free from all taint,
Dispensing relief to the weary and faint;
No torrent that bursts to affright and amaze,
But the smooth, gentle stream, through the valley that strays.

—

For The Port Folio.

PORTRAIT OF A FICKLE GENIUS.

Behold Mercurio, constant as the wind!
His varying gait the picture of his mind;
By sudden starts, his steps alternate grow
Quick as the lap-dog's, or the mastiff's slow;
Eager he darts, some favourite end in view,
A feather stops him which he must pursue;
Fresh objects rising with the changeful hour,
A fortune tempts him now, and now a flower.
His front unstable see how far it slopes!
In prudence young, tho' old in fleeting hopes;
His quickly glancing eye and active lid
Left by his eyebrow bare, then darkly hid;
His swelling nostrils every gale draw in,
His lips contract and forward points his chin.
By much too sanguine to be truly blest,
Too slow for Action, and too quick for Rest,
Tho' twenty years a man, so wild his brain,
With some experience, yet a boy in grain.

R. P.

—

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following lines, the offspring of a youthful imagination, are offered for an insertion in "The Port Folio" by a friend and subscriber.

New-York, May 7th, 1807.

On seeing some withered flowers offered for sale.

Poor with'ring Flowret, child of Spring,
How strangely alter'd is thy doom,
The fruitful soil, which gave thee birth
No more, alas! must see thee bloom.

That fragrance thou wast wont to shed,
As Nature's tribute to mankind,
No longer cheers thy late abode,
No more perfumes the passing wind.

A little while, in modest pride,
Thy beauties flourish'd, fair to view,
But Av'rice nipp'd them, e'er matured,
And soon despoiled thy native hue.

Ah! well I know, for thee to feel,
Too well I know how hard thy fate,
An orphan youth—Misfortune's child,
In thine I read mine own estate.

Like thee, I once saw Fortune smile,
Like thine, my spring of life was fair,
But ere to manhood's prime I grew
My hopes were chang'd to cold despair.

No friend, no patron, now I know
To ease my heart's unceasing sigh,
To me, no joy, no hope remains,
Unless like thee, in peace to die.

LORENZO.

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